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## "THE TEN PENNIES."

RECORD OF THE GALLANT KEYSTONE REGIMENT AT MANILA.

The Tenth Pennsylvania Has Its Own History of Heroism and Valor.

Charge Led by Colonel A. L. Hawkins and His Son.

(Copyright, 1899, by G. L. Kilmer.)

After accounts from the troops in the field in the Philippines dispute the rumors of some weeks ago to the effect that the volunteers were dissatisfied with service in the tropics and wish to come home. After the fighting record made since their exile to the other end of the world it is scarcely credible that the soldiers in representative numbers are sick of their bargain even if that bargain has been stretched by the government into something besides a fight against Spain to avenge the Maine.

The stories of the sick and wounded and discharged men who come home are trustworthy, for the reason that when a man is separated from the army he loses the spirit which animates the soldiers in the field; hence he cannot represent them. All this by way of an introduction to the story of the Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers, familiarly called "The Ten Pennies," a regiment that has been in it from the start last July and is slated to come home among the first.

The Tenth is the only fighting Keystone regiment thus far in the wars of 1898 and 1899. The following is a letter written by an enlisted man of the Tenth to a correspondent at his home in Washington, Pa. Its author is Sergeant Major Clarence Reelin. Describing the first important encounter he says:

About 10 p. m. Saturday, Feb. 4, the call to arms was sounded, and our regiment was soon on the march to relieve our outpost. An advance line was thrown out about 25 yards in advance of the main body. We had no earthworks or protection except our high rifle dikes, so we lay on the ground, keeping very quiet. A little after midnight the enemy were discovered advancing. When they had approached within 50 yards of our advance line, a volley was sent into them, and they hastily retreated, carrying their dead and wounded with them. The ground over which we fought was level, and we were always exposed to the view of the enemy, with no protection save the dikes, while the enemy were under cover and difficult to locate because they used smokeless powder.

With daylight three pieces of the Utah battery opened on the hospital where we were located, but seemed to do little or no damage to our position. We were hit with four hours' work. The sharpshooters began to get a line on us, and things were looking so warm that about 11 o'clock the colonel ordered an advance. After firing several volleys, we started after them, but about 100 yards in front of the hospital, our line, as if by magic and without any order, fell to the ground, and it was lucky we did, for just at that moment the sharpshooters sent a heavy volley into us. We immediately arose and, with fixed bayonets, were attacking them before they could fire another volley. With a rush we were over their trenches, but they had retreated, running as fast as they could go.

After burning all the houses in the neighborhood our line was formed again, and we started after the enemy, who had fallen back to a large stone church on a hilltop, with a line of trees and underbrush along the side of the hill. We did not get far till we had to lie down, as we were pouring a heavy cross fire into us with their Mausers, and we could do nothing, as they were out of our range. We had lain under this fire for nearly an hour, when the battery came up, and under its fire we again advanced. We were no easy matter, as we had to scramble through several barbed wire fences. Finally we started up the hill, and then the enemy began to break from cover and seek shelter in the church. But they had tarried too long and were within range of our Springfield.

It was now nearly 5 p. m., and we had been on the go for 12 hours, with no rest, no food, no water, and a cup of coffee. So we did not advance any farther. We would have continued the advance, but we had not enough troops. We destroyed everything that came in our way, and for four days we lived by foraging, and our bill of fare included chicken, beef and pork.

I suppose that our war with the Philippines is very unpopular, as is causing howl in the papers at home. It was a case of fight with us or have our throats cut. The people at home never fully understood the situation here. I don't believe the government at Washington has even been fully informed of it. The results which the American army has been compelled to submit to for the past six months have been very humiliating. We all used to be of the opinion that Spain treated these people very badly, but now we are all of the opinion that she did not govern them severely enough. In the last papers from home I noticed exaggerated reports concerning the sick of our regiments. The health of the troops on this island is excellent and especially that of our regiment. We have no more sick here than we would have with a body of men of the same number at home. We're not for flies and mosquitoes here would be very tolerable. We have been in the field nearly five weeks, and the boys are enjoying it. They are getting good grub, and lots of it, and the way they eat it is a guarantee of their good appetites.

Another enlisted man, describing the same fight in a private letter home, concludes that the trouble will soon be over. The natives had their fill of Aginaldo's followers because the Americans of not fighting fair because they lie down and shoot and then jump up and chase the enemy.

In about the same language Colonel A. L. Hawkins, commanding the Tenth, tells how the trouble began with the Filipinos in a letter sent to his wife after the fierce battle of Feb. 11. He declares that the Americans treated the natives on the defensive before the attack of Feb. 4 and suffered humiliation at the hands of the natives such as Ameri-

can soldiers had never been asked to endure. Because the Americans granted the Filipinos extraordinary privileges, the latter assumed that the conquerors of Spain were afraid of them, and became insolent and aggressive. He also states the significant fact that Spaniards and friendly natives warned the troops of the coming attack. The Tenth Pennsylvania had a place of honor in repelling the Filipino attack and in the return attack delivered by General Otis. On the night of the 4th of February 31 men of the regiment under a lieutenant held the outpost. After springing the attack on the flanks of the Pennsylvanians, the Filipinos at length attacked the small guard in the center, pouring in a galling fire. They were held off for an hour, when Colonel Hawkins led forward six companies to re-enforce the pickets. The firing was heavy until midnight, and only desultory from that hour until daylight on Sunday morning, the 5th. The full details of what the regiment did that day are given above in the statement by Sergeant Major Reelin. On the 11th it made the fight of its career in assaulting Filipino lines around Manila. Directly in front of the regiment was a Chinese hospital, used for barracks by the insurgents. It was fortified with a heavy stone wall and sheltered about 1,000 Filipinos. Around the stronghold were blockhouses, all manned, and the insurgents received the Pennsylvanians on their advance with a terrific fire. Colonel Hawkins led in four companies, and while the line was moving cautiously in union with the Montana and Dakota regiments on the flanks the Pennsylvanians broke into a run, at the same time cheering wildly. Colonel Hawkins, describing this incident, says:

"We were two miles from the Chinese hospital, and the Chinese hospital, Climo cemetery and the cathedral at the top of the hill with a fine church covered by the Utah battery. We got up the hill and in sight of the cathedral just when the Utah battery landed the shell that drove the natives home. The general was in the thickest of all. Major General MacArthur, our general, and his staff were on the ridge while we were going up. The colonel, lieutenant colonel and Major Bierer made themselves solid with the men, and Major Reelin, the heart of the bureau of information, led the Pennsylvanians right up the hill, waving his hat for them to come on. He is the talk of the army."

There were two battle events of the day in which the Tenth was conspicuous. The Filipinos fled from the hospital, and the Pennsylvanians leaped the walls of the hospital position only to see their enemy rallying on the crest of a hill half a mile away, crowned by a strong church building. After resting for an hour the line went forward on a charge for the possession of this hill, called the San Juan hill of the Philippines. Spectators declared this charge the most picturesque scene of the war around Manila. The natives looked on, as did the foreign consuls and attaches. The Tenth had the center of the line in this grand charge.

Colonel Hawkins was just to the right of the center with a company commanded by his own son. There was little cover to be had from the fire of the Filipino sharpshooters. Wire fences were encountered and torn down and without a halt at any obstacle, firing as they advanced, the "sons of Father Penn" swept up the slope. Major Bierer, commanding the left of the regiment, was wounded by a Mauser bullet in the shoulder. As the line neared the fortress at the top of the

hill the natives began to retreat, and we were always exposed to the view of the enemy, with no protection save the dikes, while the enemy were under cover and difficult to locate because they used smokeless powder.

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"Speaking of practical jokes," said a Canal street business man who has just returned from a trip through Georgia. "I saw that comet trick played on a fellow in Atlanta the other night, and I was really amazed that he didn't go on the warpath then and there. The thing occurred at a restaurant where I was taking supper with four chance acquaintances made on the trip."

"One of the party was a cigar salesman from Richmond, and after supper he amused us with some sleight of hand tricks. Finally he turned to a north Georgia merchant, who was in the crowd and asked him if he had ever seen an omelet made in a hat. The merchant was a portly, rather pompous, individual, and replied, after some thought, that he had not."

"Well," said the tobacco man, "I'll bet the cigars for us two that I can make an omelet in the crown of your silk hat without damaging it in the slightest degree."

"I knew what was coming and began to giggle hysterically, but the Georgian remarked solemnly that he knew he would lose, but was willing to pay 20 cents to see the trick."

"With that he handed over his hat, which was brand new, and the tobacco salesman proceeded to send for some eggs and broke several into the crown. He stirred them up with a knife and then held the hat over the gas. In about three seconds it was a ghastly, hideous ruin, dripping raw eggs through a big hole burned in the top."

A Queer Accident.

Dr. Playfair, the London physician who was condemned to pay \$50,000 damages for libel a few years ago, was hurt in a queer automobile accident recently. He was going up a hill when something gave way and the carriage began to roll backward down the slope. The driver applied the power brake to the rear wheels, forgetting that he was going backward, with the result that the carriage stood up on end and tipped backward, bruising Dr. Playfair as it fell upon him.

One Grave Fault.

The milliner displayed the hat with some pride. "Oh, it will never do!" cried the patron. "Just look at those flowers!" "They're splendid imitations," protested the milliner. "They look like real flowers."

"Precisely," said the patron. "And real flowers are so cheap at this season of the year. I want something that looks more expensive."—Chicago Post.

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is an external application, the presence of which on the face cannot be detected. It is perfectly pure and does not stain the delicate skin. It is a sure and quick cure for all eruptions and eruptions. It acts on the skin as a tonic, producing a naturally pure complexion. Cosmetics merely hide blemishes. The Tonic gets rid of them.

It removes pimples, freckles, blackheads, not patches, liver spots, eczema, redness, oiliness and all discommodities and imperfections of the skin. Price, \$1 a bottle.

The Misses BELL'S HAIR TONIC

cures dandruff and prevents any return of it; stops that maddening itching of the scalp and makes the hair strong, soft and lustrous. It is especially helpful to persons whose hair is thinning and liable to fall out. The Tonic cleanses the scalp and the roots of the hair, and will grow the hair with a handsome growth. Price, \$1 a bottle.

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for restoring naturally gray locks to their original color. It is not a dye nor a stain. It is a colorless liquid that is applied to the roots of the hair and leaves no telltale signs on the scalp or forehead. Neither does it change the color of the hair all at once. Only dyes do that, and they wash out. But Capilla-Renova will not wash out. Price, \$1.50 per bottle.

The Misses BELL'S SKIN FOOD

is a soft, creamy, exquisitely perfumed ointment, which helps the action of the Tonic, and, in mild cases of roughness, redness, pimples, etc., is a cure in itself. It cleanses the pores of the face of all impurities and feeds it by holding up the texture and making the flesh beneath it solid and firm. Price, 75 cents per jar.

A trial size sample of any one of the above preparations at our parlors in New York City; or by mail to any address in plain wrapper upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps or order to cover actual cost of postage and packing. Trial size samples can be secured from our New York City office only. Our agents will not supply them. Correspondence cordially solicited. Address: The Bell Toilet Co., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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## ON BOB EVANS' SHIP.

THE LITTLE AND THE NECK OF CERVIERA'S TRAP.

"Fighting Bob" and the Merrimack. Afloat—His Signal, "Enemy's Ship Coming Out," the First Displayed. Not Greeting to Pleading Spanish. (Copyright, 1899, by G. L. Kilmer.)

LIGHTING BOB EVANS' BATTLESHIP didn't score many shots at the Spaniards as did some of the fleet of Santiago.

When Cerviera tried to run the sunlit, but the story of his fight is a thrilling one for all that. The record of 1,473 rounds in a running fight of a few hours means hot work, especially when half a dozen ships are playing on the same target at the same time.

The exciting times on the Iowa began long before Cerviera thought of dashing out of the trap. Sampson ordered the Iowa on picket duty, watching Cerviera to see that he didn't take it into his head to escape. "How far up must I go?" Evans signaled to Sampson. "Go until you can distinguish the masts of a small rowing boat in the harbor," was the answer. "How long must I stay?" was the next question. "All night," came the answer.

Evans says he went up until he could detect the blinking eyes of Spanish sentries under the searchlight, and for 33 nights he kept that kind of a watch on Cerviera.

Evans saw nothing in their close vigil to scare them off from further acquaintance. When the signal came from the commander to muster volunteers for the Merrimack exploit, the entire complement of 19 officers and 600 men on board the Iowa wanted to go.

After taking down the names of 150 seamen Evans signaled the admiral to know how many he could take from the Iowa. "One seaman," was the response to the query. In time the choice lay between two—Murphy, who finally went, and Paine, who thinks he missed the chance of his lifetime by an unluckily drawn. Captain Evans called up the aspirants and said: "Now, lads, whoever goes in the Merrimack goes to almost certain death. There is not one chance in a million that a man of the expedition will escape death."

When it came to the toss of the coin, Paine said to Murphy: "I'll give you \$50 for your chance!" Murphy said no, dipped the coin and won. Then Paine said: "I'll give you \$150 to let me take your place." But Murphy was as earnest as Paine and quickly declined the offer. Paine's shipmate said that he actually shed tears over his disappointment. Murphy proved to be one of the best of Hobson's gallant crew. What else the Iowa had to do with the Merrimack has been graphically told by her brave commander.

"The entrance of the Merrimack into that harbor," said Captain Evans, "under fire from every gun, it seemed, of the Spanish fleet and fortress was the most terrible sight I ever saw. It can best be described as hell with the lid off. The next morning all we could see with our glasses were the tops of the Merrimack's masts, which was fastened something resembling a raft. There was no sign of life, and, of course, we thought it was all up with our comrades. I had received orders from Sampson to allow no boat to approach the wreck, and soon my executive officer reported to me that a steam yacht was drawing near to it and asked if he should open fire on it."

"For some reason or other I cannot explain I decided for the time being to disobey orders and told my officer to wait a bit. Then we saw the yacht take on board from the raft our comrades under Hobson. Had I fired of course they would have perished, as would have Admiral Cerviera, who was on the bridge. Hobson and his fellows had been clinging for hours with their hands to that raft, with bodies totally submerged, when the barge rescued them. I have thanked God many times since that I refrained from firing on that barge."

There was unusual commotion on the deck of the Iowa the night before the battle with Cerviera. Captain Evans' executive officer called attention to the activity around the Spanish ships. Tall columns of smoke could be seen standing straight up from the stacks of Cerviera's ships. The alarm for action rang on board ship, and Cadet Evans cried out joyfully: "Papa, the enemy's ships are coming out!" Before the commander of the Iowa reached the spar deck a gun boomed and the ship was making full speed ahead. The position of the Iowa was such that her outlook was directly into the harbor, while ahead and fired with rapidity full broadsides, taking a westward course. The Spanish ships showered the Yankee ships, but none struck the Iowa at that time.

Cerviera's flagship had the head of column and was steered straight with the current under the admiral's personal direction, he standing by the pilot and giving sailing orders while his ship received the fire of three Americans, including the Iowa. The latter was headed straight for Morro. The starboard battery of the Iowa opened at 6,000 yards. As she swung clear of the shoals at the entrance the flagship Teresa opened and fired with rapidity full broadsides, taking a westward course. The Spanish ships showered the Yankee ships, but none struck the Iowa at that time.

For some time Captain Evans maneuvered with the intention of ramming or torpedoing the enemy, but he found

his speed too slow. The Teresa had passed the Iowa, and the Vizcaya and Oquendo were almost at the active Yankee. Captain Evans swung his ship so as to give the Teresa his full port broadside, and as quickly swung around to bring the Vizcaya under the starboard guns. The Vizcaya got the full force of a broadside, the forward guns meanwhile firing at the Teresa. After deluging the decks of the Vizcaya with iron hail the Iowa swung around, and her course lay across the path of the Oquendo.

Finding that he could not keep speed with the Oquendo, Captain Evans shifted the helm and lay his ship's course parallel to that of the Oquendo. The vessels were abreast and about 1,600 yards apart. The Iowa's rapid fire batteries were manned, and the full force of the starboard battery was given to the Spaniard. At the same time the guns of the Indiana, from a position off the quarter of the Oquendo, was firing at her, and the Oregon also.

The Colon, being the fastest cruiser, was the last in the line, and, keeping inside the other ships, at first passed ahead, getting in shots whenever her consorts uncovered the range. Two of her shells struck the Iowa, one at and one above the water line. Seeing the Oregon dash for the Colon, Captain Clark turned his attention to the torpedo boats, which came out of the harbor just as the Iowa settled down to a steady chase westward after the fleeing Spaniards. The Iowa, Indiana and Oregon sighted the torpedo boats at the same time, and all opened fire, which the plucky Spaniards returned, while the American shots churned the water into foam all about them. The little Gloucester dashed in, also, and was nearly struck by the Iowa's fire, being enveloped in the smoke of her own guns and that of the battleships. A large projectile, from the Iowa probably, cut one of the torpedo boats in two just as her boilers exploded. But in all this distress she fired a parting shell at the Iowa, which passed within six feet of the head of Captain Evans as he paced the bridge.

In eight minutes from the time the torpedo boats emerged from the harbor they were destroyed, and the Iowa's course was set for the chase of the

crisiers. The Teresa and Oquendo were already on the beach or heading for it, and Captain Evans gave his attention to the Vizcaya, which seemed bent on putting about to re-enter the harbor. The Iowa, imitated by the Indiana, headed inshore to cut off the retreat of the Vizcaya, but the alarm was groundless—the Spaniard was making for the beach and the reason was apparent when she burst into flames at her flag. She was still flying, and Captain Evans stood for her, giving her the full benefit of his 13 inch guns. A few minutes later the Vizcaya was all aflame and going straight on the beach. The Iowa ran as near to the wreck as the water

would permit, and "Fighting Bob," with a fighting crew, which had been shouting "Give 'em — for the Maine!" all the morning, set to work to rescue the unfortunate crew of the doomed Vizcaya.

Captain Evans knew that the Iowa would be of no advantage in the chase after the swift Colon and turned his attention to the suffering Spaniards on the beach. Numbers of them were struggling in the water, having jumped overboard in fear of an explosion. The Vizcaya had stranded about 400 yards from shore, and Cuban insurgents opened fire upon the unfortunate. The wounded on the decks of the ship were in danger of burning to death, and were removed as soon as possible by Captain Evans' willing and active crew. When the wounded Captain Enlate of the Vizcaya was brought on board, the doughty fighting sailor of the Iowa displayed the noble side of his nature. He declined the sword presented to him with much ceremony. His rightful trophy of war by the Spanish captive. This deed of chivalry was cheered to the echo by the seminate, powder blackened crew lined up on the turrets, along the rail and upper works of the Iowa.

Just as the boats were being lowered from the Iowa to pick up the Spaniards the flagship New York, with Sampson on board, passed in chase of the swift Colon. The commander in chief shouted to Evans: "How many have you lost?" The cheers of the Iowa's crew at the sight of Sampson were drowned by the hurrahs from the flagship when Captain Evans answered the hail with: "Not a man hurt on the Iowa!"

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Thursday, June 15, at the stable of the Hudson Transfer Co., 116 N. High St., one car load of Ashland country horses. Horses will be at stables two days before date of sale. Trial given with each horse sold. Sale to commence at one o'clock p. m.  
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## Bloodless Girls

Doctors have given the Greek name Anemia, meaning "bloodless" to a disease which is much more prevalent among young women than is generally believed. In its early stages the disease is not marked by any decided symptoms and often makes considerable advance before its presence is noticed. An unusual feeling of fatigue after slight exercise, breathless and pallor are the first noticeable signs.

In anemia the blood becomes thin, the heart flabby, the skin pale and waxy. If the disease become chronic (persistent anemia) it often results fatally. The one successful method of treating this disease is to build up the blood. The best blood builder in the world is

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

This remedy has cured more cases of anemia than all others combined.

Miss Cordelia Moore, of Malone, N. Y., until recently, has been a long invalid from palpitation of the heart and weakness of the blood. In speaking of this experience she said: "I was in a terrible condition. I could not eat. My face was ghastly and my hands were almost transparent. I was so weak I was utterly incapable for me to go up stairs. I had a friend who spoke of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and advised me to try them. Before the first box was used I began to regain my appetite and felt better generally. I bought six more boxes and took them. I grew strong and healthy and in a few weeks began to enjoy my life. I never felt better in my life than now, and consider myself cured. I cannot say too much regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."—From the Gazette, Malone, N. Y.

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to mankind as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health in the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

These pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

crisiers. The Teresa and Oquendo were already on the beach or heading for it, and Captain Evans gave his attention to the Vizcaya, which seemed bent on putting about to re-enter the harbor. The Iowa, imitated by the Indiana, headed inshore to cut off the retreat of the Vizcaya, but the alarm was groundless—the Spaniard was making for the beach and the reason was apparent when she burst into flames at her flag. She was still flying, and Captain Evans stood for her, giving her the full benefit of his 13 inch guns. A few minutes later the Vizcaya was all aflame and going straight on the beach. The Iowa ran as near to the wreck as the water

would permit, and "Fighting Bob," with a fighting crew, which had been shouting "Give 'em — for the Maine!" all the morning, set to work to rescue the unfortunate crew of the doomed Vizcaya.

Captain Evans knew that the Iowa would be of no advantage in the chase after the swift Colon and turned his attention to the suffering Spaniards on the beach. Numbers of them were struggling in the water,